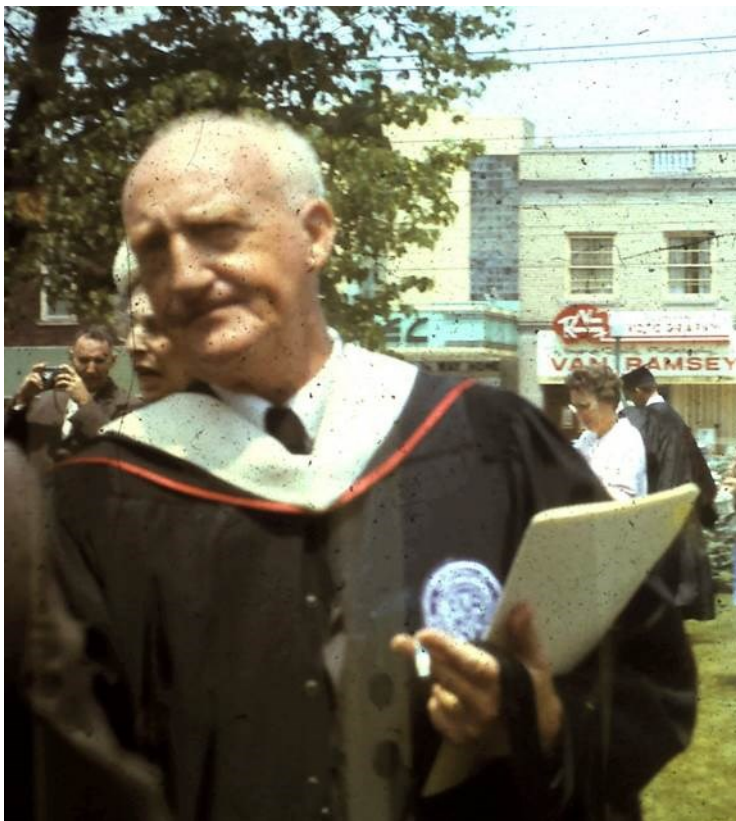


George Dell

Capital University English Professor, Poet,
Playwright, Novelist, Artist, Historian and
Composer



George Dell, Commencement, Capital University,
June, 1964

The George Dell Exhibit
Blackmore Library
Capital University, Columbus, Ohio

In celebration of the George Dell Memorial Scholarship
presented by the Class of 1964 on the occasion of their 50th reunion,
April 24-27, 2014

Contents

About George F. Dell	3-4
The Class of 1964 George Dell Memorial Scholarship and How to Support It	5
The Exhibit	6
Program Presented April 25, 2014	7
Readings Presented April 25, 2014	8-9
Exhibit	10-20
Student Memories of George Dell	21-25
Remarks Given by William Kuhre	26-27

Special Thanks to Those Who Made the George Dell Exhibit Possible

The Reverend Denny Asp '64
James L. Burke '57
The Family of George Dell
Lois Marie Slates Harrod '64 and Kay Coughlin, co-curators
Vicki Dell Tieche
Ohioana Library Association
Capital University Archives
Contributors to "Student Memories": Dean Baldwin '64,
Jim Davis '64, Sandy Ingling Goodbar '64, Lois Marie Slates
Harrod '64, Laurel Johnson '63, Robert Marggraf '64, Starr
Wolle Mayer '64, Elaine Shoup Moore '64
Dr. Terry Lahm
Dr. Kevin Griffith
Elizabeth Woods
Blackmore Library staff

About George Dell

Excerpted with permission from *Chronicle of Change: Capital University, 1950-2000*, James L. Burke, 95-96, Capital University, 2002.

It would be very difficult to single out alumni who have made special contributions to society because the list would be so lengthy. However, one alumnus who returned to Capital to teach had a profound impact on the lives of so many students that he should be remembered at this point. Professor of English George F. Dell '23 was one of the special faculty members who influenced the lives of students forever. He was a man of many talents. The Rev. Denny Asp wrote in the *Capital* magazine in the fall of 1992 that George F. Dell "was a revered teacher and colleague. To others, he was a noted author and painter...but to many, he was a very special friend." He was an excellent teacher as witnessed by his selection as the Praestantia Award recipient in 1963. He was a prolific writer. His novel, *The Earth Abideth*, written in 1938, became a CBS television mini-series in 2000. A collection of poems, *Written on Quail and Hawthorne Pages*, was published by the Class of '64, and two more novels are in the process of publication. He was the recipient of the Ohioana Library Award for poetry in 1964 and for fiction in 1986. And, of course, he wrote the words to Capital's Alma Mater and to the fight song, "Pride of the Purple." He was so respected by Capital students "that they fought to break the tradition that a faculty member not be invited to give a commencement address." President Yochum acquiesced, and Professor Dell delivered the 1964 commencement address. He was the first of only two Capital professors to be honored in this manner.

Who was George F. Dell? He came to Capital in 1919 from Middletown, Ohio, with the intention of becoming a pastor. He graduated from Capital in 1923 and entered the Seminary, but as his daughter, Pat Dell Bowman '50, wrote, "He decided after a year and two weeks, that his mission was not as a minister, but as a teacher." He earned a master's degree and began a distinguished 44-year teaching career at Capital, from 1926 through 1969. Students remembered Professor Dell for many reasons, including his dramatization of Captain Ahab from *Moby Dick* while standing on his classroom desk, his disdain for grades and required grading practices, and his willingness to meet with students outside his classroom. Professor Emeritus Howard Wilson '48 recalled of his colleague in 1986, that George Dell "was our only real genuine iconoclast. He was sort of an in-house nonconformist, critic of the administration, a smasher of typical images by which we live." Rev. Asp said that one of his most cherished moments in college was "between 11:00 and 11:25 a.m. on any given Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, when a handful of students gathered for coffee and doughnuts with George Dell in Wentz's Pharmacy – while everyone else was in compulsory chapel!

Professor Dell was a prolific writer throughout his life, whether it was poetry, the Alma Mater or one of his numerous novels. Pat Dell Bowman said that her father wrote the Alma Mater “at the request of professors Doescher and Schacht, after those two...had heard a fairly new composition titled *Finlandia*.” He wrote at least 10 novels, with *The Earth Abideth* being his best-known work. The story is set in the hills of Hocking County of Southeastern Ohio during ... [1870s-1910] and recounts the life of a young farmer, Thomas, and his wife, Kate. Professor Dell wrote the novel in 1938 at the urging of his wife, Grace; however, it was not published until 1986. By 1988 the book was in its third edition. In 1999 *The Earth Abideth* was adapted for a television movie, which aired as *Seasons of Love*. Two more of his novels were due to be published by 2001. [Only one more novel, *Dance unto the Lord*, was published.] George Dell died on July 18, 1992, at age 90. The words he wrote in the Alma Mater certainly reflect the impact of his life on Capital University students, colleagues, and friends.

Thy swords are we, and shields to guard thy glory;
Thy lamps are we to beacon far and near;
Thy pens are we to write in deathless story
Lives that shall honor thee, O mother dear.

The Class of 1964 George Dell Memorial Scholarship

Capital University's Class of 1964 created the Class of 1964 George Dell Memorial Scholarship to celebrate their 50th reunion.

The fund agreement states: "The Class of 1964 Dell Memorial Scholarship in Honor of George Dell was created by the Class on the occasion of their 50th reunion. George Dell was a much-beloved professor of English at Capital University. This scholarship is a legacy of his extraordinary respect for young men and women, ability to make his teaching relevant to the lives of his students, and remarkable warmth and caring. In his acceptance of the Class of 1964's invitation to deliver the Commencement address Professor Dell stated his admiration for Capital students in no uncertain terms: 'The greatest excellence of this school is in the quality of the young people who come to us.'"

As The Reverend Denny Asp '64 wrote for recipients of the scholarship (which will be awarded for the first time in the 2015-16 school year), "Professor Dell was an incomparable poet, published author, painter, superb lecturer, one of the first recipients of the University's Praestantia Award as an outstanding teacher, and a lifelong mentor to countless students. While it has never been done officially, many feel him to be Capital University's all-time Poet Laureate. Professor Dell represents the very best of what Capital University is all about. The Class of 1964 which established this scholarship in his honor congratulates you, and hopes you will honor him with your achievements at Capital now, and in all the years to come. As our commencement speaker Professor Dell concluded his magnificent address, 'The Last Class,' with a blessing that we wish for you as well: 'Go with God.'"

Gifts to this endowed scholarship can be made any time online at www.capital.edu/giving, or checks can be mailed to Capital University Development, 1 College and Main, Columbus, OH, 43029-2394. The subject line of checks should read: "Class of 1964 Dell Memorial Scholarship." Questions can be directed to 614-236-6129 or toll-free at 866-704-0742, or emailed to giving@capital.edu.

The Exhibit

During the weekend of the Class of 1964's 50th reunion, Blackmore Library is housing a George Dell exhibit, honoring Professor Dell's life and his contributions to the academic and artistic life of Capital University. Photos and artifacts loaned by family and friends (see page 2) are on display April 24-27, 2014.

Since much information related to Dell's novel *The Earth Abideth* and to the subsequent CBS miniseries *Love on the Land/Seasons of Love* is publicly available, the George Dell Exhibit focuses on the less known aspects of Dell's life, including his family, artistic endeavors and contributions to the Capital community. In order to portray Dell as man and professor, this catalog contains images from the exhibit as well as the memories of former student and readings from the program presented April 25, 2014.

Images and artifacts are from the collection of Vicki Dell Tieche, except as marked with an "*", which are from the collection of Rev. Denny Asp '64.

Program Presented on Friday, April 25, 2014
Blackmore Library, Capital University

Welcome

Rev. Denny Asp '64

About the Class of 1964 George Dell Memorial Scholarship

Rev. Denny Asp '64

Gratitude from the University to the Class of 1964

Dean Cedric Adderley

Literary Life at Capital Today

Professor Kevin Griffith

Why George Dell's Art is Relevant

Lois Marie (Slates) Harrod '64

The George Dell I Knew

Dr. William Kuhre

Readings from the Work of George Dell

Kelly M. Hale '14 and Maxwell J. Quay '14

Text Selections Presented on April 25, 2014

OBSERVATION

All roughs have character:

Nubby wools,
Corduroy,
Corrundum,
Adzed beams,
Jagged ice,
Shingled beach,
Scarped cliff,
Wilderness.

Sophistication is in facets,
Polish, patina;
But sophistication belongs
In drawing rooms.

One is distrustful of smooth surfaces;
They mirror too well
The fools' faces they reflect.

George Dell

Written on Quail and Hawthorne Pages,

published by the Class of 1964, Capital University

Description of Capital University from George Dell's novel, *The Earth Abideth*.

[The main character Thomas Linthorne is taking his son Grover to college.]

Thomas rode to Columbus with Grover, proud of his knowledge of the capital. The college was out in the cornfields east of town, a mile beyond the car line. Grover carried his brown paper suitcase while Thomas lugged the heavier box of apples they had brought along. The day was sticky hot; by the time they came to the campus both of them were panting.

Three bare brick buildings, one of them a boarding hall, one a dormitory; fine arching elms; long tangles of grass around the yucca clumps on the lawn; shaggy-headed young men in turtle-necked sweaters carrying furniture, beating rugs, or simply sucking at big pipes; the hollow thud of a football as it rose lazily above the branches—that was their first impression, one that Thomas would always retain.

He was uneasy, wanted to get back home, but stayed to meet the *Hausvater* and help Grover register. After that formality they walked back in silence to the bare room that Grover must call home for the year. The furniture of the previous occupant had not been moved; it looked uninviting. Bare table, double bed with high headboard, washing-stand holding cracked pitcher and bowl, slop bucket, lamp painted with a garish skating scene—that was all, save for the big stove and coal scuttle.

Grover threw himself onto the bed at once, but Thomas took out his wallet and methodically counted out an even hundred dollars.

“Guess you can write for more if you get this all used up,” he said as he handed over the money. “Ought to do until Thanksgiving.”

When Grover shoved the money into his pocket without even muttered thanks, Thomas was embarrassed, stood in awkward leave-taking. He knew how Grover felt—as if he was being deserted. All about him were dozens of other boys, some younger some older, but all unfriendly to a newcomer. Their voices as they passed up and down the halls were mocking.

“Want you to be a good boy now!” Thomas said as he edged toward the door. “You say your prayers and read your Bible at night, same as we do at home.”

Grover smiled sardonically. “I ain’t such a greenhorn!” he said as he untangled his legs.

“Well, you be a good boy!”

How could he say the rest, all that he meant to say? That he wanted Grover to find himself, to be a credit to him; that he expected him to study hard, and yet not study too much; that he must learn to conquer himself so that he might conquer others; that—

The door was shut behind him and he was once more in the long dark hallway. Two little boys were bumping along with a heavy brassbound trunk, their skinny arms too weak to do more than scuff it over the pine planks. Thomas instinctively went to their rescue dragging the burden the remaining way while they ran ahead to hold open their room door. He accepted their thanks, but could not say what was in his heart—that he wanted their real gratitude to be shown in kindness to his own lonesome boy.

He could hardly force himself to leave the campus, made once again the long circuit around the red brick buildings before he walked down the dirt walk that led to the car line. He felt empty as he walked, as if he had left something behind him, something that he must return for. Grover! Grover! He had his own battle to fight now, would no longer be able to rest on Thomas’s stouter arm and sterner judgment. There was no longer any way to put force in his blow. If he proved to be true Linthorne, he would learn to plod ahead sullenly, to hew hard, set his jaw tight!

That was all Thomas’s hope—that Grover would be true to his name.

1



2



3



5



4



George Dell and Immediate Family

- 1. Capital graduation day 1923
- 2. Dell family c. 1915: front - Frank, George, father Charles Christian, Mary; back - Charlotte, Charlie, Anna, Jake
- 3. George, either high school or college graduation portrait
- 4. Three brothers, around 1960: Reverend Frank Dell '22, Charlie Dell, Professor George Dell
- 5. George about 1910, wearing a costume given to him by an uncle who had a traveling theater company

1



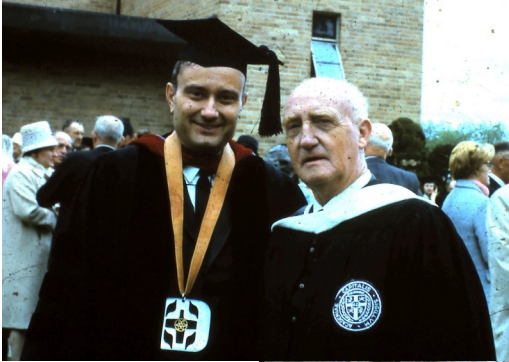
Dell and His Beloved Grace

1. Wedding day, Valentine's Day, 1927
2. Later in life, on the land they loved so much
3. George received 40 roses for 40 years of teaching service to Capital University (1965)

2



3



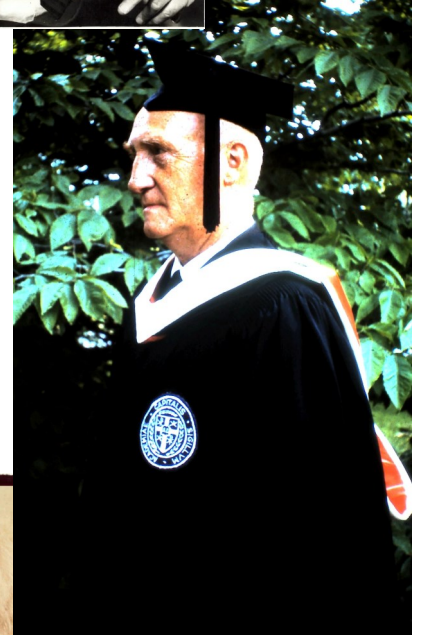
1



2



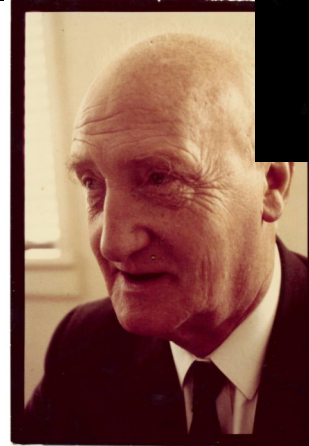
6



3



5



4

Dell as His Students Knew Him.

1. At Wartburg College with President John Bachman, Capital class of 1938, to receive Honorary Doctorate (1965)
2. Around 1964*
3. Receiving the Praestantia Award for teaching at Capital University (1963)
4. Late 1960s*
5. Mid-late 1940s
6. With Denny Asp '64 on Commencement Day, June, 1964

Literary Accolades.

1. Receiving the 1965 Ohioana Book Award for Poetry, for *Written on Quail and Hawthorne Pages* (Dell is third from left)
2. Class of 1964 representatives (from left) Denny Asp, Robert Marggraf and Lois Slates present copies of *Written on Quail and Hawthorne Pages* to Dell.*
3. On his 85th birthday, receiving copy of *The Earth Abideth* from Peter Givler of Ohio State University Press (1986)
4. Dell presents a gift of a painting to Peter Givler
5. Granddaughter Jennifer Tieche '02 with a copy of the cover she designed for *Dance Unto the Lord*, Dell's posthumously published novel

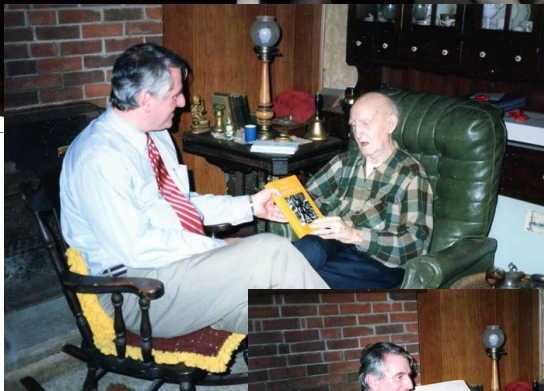
1



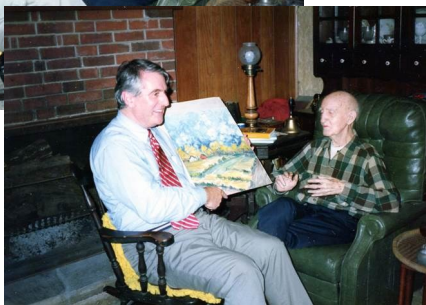
2



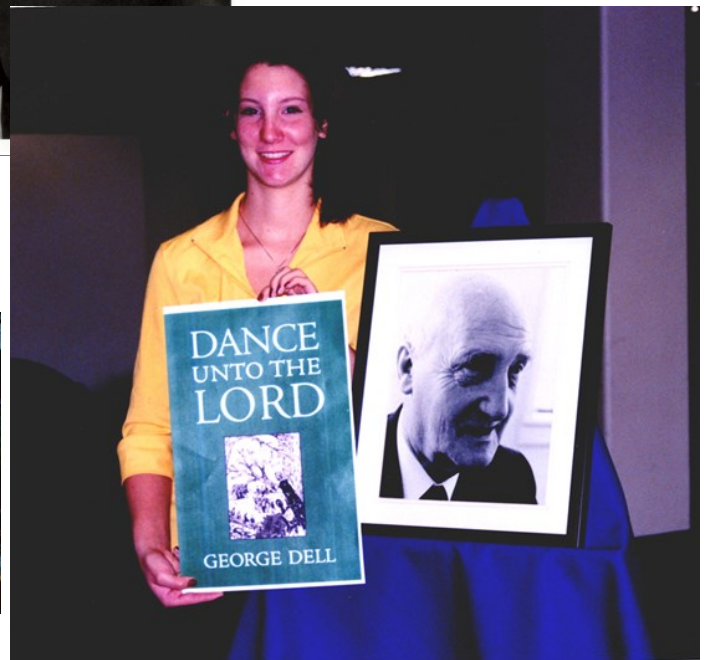
5



3



4



Family Life

1. Dell and children Vicki, Bob and Fritz on their 1955 trip to the Gaspé
2. Dell and son Bob, showing off model ships they built (early 1950s);
3. Dell and sons Bob and Fritz stream-side on a vacation west (late 1950s)
4. Dell and a grandchild at the piano. He rarely used written music so most likely was not reading from the sheet music in front of him (early 1960s).

1



2

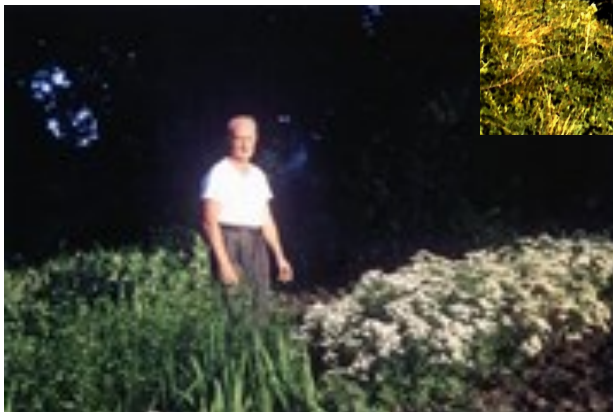


3



4





Dell in his beloved hand-tended gardens, a constant source of inspiration for his artistic endeavors (and hard labor for Grace, who spent countless hours preserving the bounty of his gardens).

Visual Art

Dell was a prolific artist in many media. He painted oils and watercolors, and drew in pen and pastels; sketched; carved in wood; and created and decorated ceramic vessels. Dates of most of his works are unknown, though the ones in this catalogue are most likely from the 1950s through the late 1970s. Most were not named. His images of the American West were created after 1958, the first year the family vacationed in the West. He called his detailed earlier works “primitive.” In later years, his work became much more impressionistic.

Dell created each painting in a single day. Dell’s daughter Vicki Dell Tieche remembers, “After supper he’d put newspaper down on the kitchen table, pull his paints off the shelf, take out a piece of paper or piece of Masonite, and then he’d stand at the table and paint a picture before bedtime.”

All works from the collection of Vicki Dell Tieche, except as noted.

Watercolors



Oils



Pastels





Other artistic works (years unknown)

Christmas cards, hand-painted, featuring original verses inside (from the collection of Rev. Denny Asp '64)

Handmade from red clay dug on his property and painted ceramic vessels (tallest is approx. 7 3/4" tall)

Marionette, work by George & Grace Dell

Ceramic sculpture of figure with backpack

Carved walnut letter openers

Student Memories of George Dell

I vaguely recall how he wandered around the front of the classroom, lecturing (if something so off the cuff could be called lecturing) on the topic of the day in his highly individual manner, reaching often into his shirt pocket as if wanting to pull out a cigarette.

However, on one of those gray, miserable, rainy, and cold Columbus days, I clearly remember his looking out the window and saying, "A day like this has its own kind of beauty." I often recall his remark when similar days seem depressingly miserable, and I try sometimes at least to see the beauty of that day through his eyes.

Dean Baldwin

I remember tales of him teaching *Moby Dick* in the springtime and hurling a pointer out the window of one of the buildings and barely missing Wally Doescher scrambling by on his Canadian crutches. Dell was a formative teacher for many of us, beyond his anti-chapel mindset. He thought and taught outside the box before we knew there was a box to be outside. His quotes from "The Effects of Prayer on Plants" jogged us out of the ((midwasted??)) mindset of acceptable mediocrity. His novel, "The Earth Abideth" still is on the shelves long after other works have come and gone to library book sales. George jogged me into considering and sometimes embracing other points of view, not in a particularly academic fashion as Kuhre did, but in a rather more visceral fashion. Dell's mind derived from the late Romantic influence which we felt more than thought about. He was a bit of the plowman, breaking the soil, turning the sod of our heads so that others could plant far more productive crops.

Jim Davis

Wandering about the front of the classroom telling the tales of old English writings, just when one would begin to be drowsy or ponder upon the happenings outside the window, SUDDENLY with a burst of energy, he would draw from under his jacket as if pulling a sword. Then in one leap, up onto the desk he would bound continuing the battle with the imaginary sword and the enemy, man or beast! Flare!!! Imagery!!!! Stimulation!!!! Memories!!!! Education!!!!!!!

Never has this been forgotten.

Sandy Ingling Goodbar

George Dell was kind and good in surprising ways. I remember Karen Glaser telling me soon after she and Kelly Jentoft were married that Mr. Dell had brought a half-bushel of apples to their first-floor apartment in a house, I think, on Main Street, not far from campus. “He’s worried about our not having enough money,” she said. “He’s worried about our not having enough to eat. Can you believe he would do that?”

I remember particularly Dell’s Creative Writing class. Each student read his work, and then the class all wrote critical responses on pieces of paper, which George Dell collected and then read to us. Once, a student in my class read a story which I recognized from *The Twilight Zone*, the story of a man, book-lover, at the end of the world who was so pleased that the library had not been destroyed. Now the book-lover would have all the time he wanted to read his beloved books. However, fate always shook her snowy finger in that show, and in this episode, as in the student story, the book-lover tripped and broke his glasses.

So with the indignation of the young, I remember writing on my slip of criticism, “THIS IS PLAGIARISM. I saw this episode on *The Twilight Zone*.” I was waiting for Mr. Dell to read it and lambast the student. However, that’s not what happened. I noticed for the first time that Mr. Dell was censoring our comments. He read each before he read it aloud, and when he came to mine, he read it and then just put it on the bottom of the pile. I don’t know if Mr. Dell talked to the student, but it was clear to me that he would not embarrass him in front of the class—plagiarism or no. It was an act I often remembered in my many years of public school and college teaching—his kindness to an erring student. Dell was right; we should be kind, not judgmental.

Dell did make fun of writers in the public domain, though. In our American Realism course, he enjoyed reciting the rhyme-driven drivel of Julia A. Moore, *The Sweet Singer of Michigan*:

*Have you heard of the dreadful fate
Of Mr. P. P. Bliss and wife?
Of their death I will relate,
And also others lost their life;
Ashtabula Bridge disaster,
Where so many people died
Without a thought that destruction
Would plunge them 'neath the wheel of tide. (“Astabula Disaster”)*

Most of us probably remember his final exam in that course too, especially those of us who were geographically impaired. Dell asked us to draw a map of the United States and locate all the regional writers. Then, when he got them graded (I don’t remember that he was too swift with that), he showed us our strangely-distorted maps with great glee.

I remember him too talking of how innocent and unspoiled we looked when we entered Capital as freshmen, and then how we had already hardened by the time we were juniors and seniors (I think he said this when Lee and I, not long after we had been married, came back to Columbus and he took us out for lunch.)

As Dean Baldwin suggests, Dell didn't really lecture—he let us listen to him ramble. I remember once he said, (in relationship to what I have no idea), “What you all need to do is go out and get drunk. For once in your life, you should get drunk.” It must have been a shock to my former uptight 19-year-old self, for I had grown up in a family where there was no liquor (except my mother's teaspoon a whiskey for cramps) and where we raised our eyebrows at Pastor Sinner down the road in Niles, Ohio; he was a Lutheran pastor who, it was rumored, *drank beer*. Dell was right: we shouldn't be so stiff-backed and righteous.

Most of all Dell provided a model for me as the teacher/artist. Though most of his work was unpublished and though I don't imagine he will make it into a Norton Anthology, yet he seemed to believe that by creating poems, stories, plays, paintings—he was claiming and framing the world, making it richer not only for himself but also for others. Or in Ezra Pound's terms, George Dell spent his life *making the world new*. I now know that most working writers and artists in the United States do it Dell's way—they teach and they create. There's not much money in art, or as William Carlos Williams says “news,” but “yet men die miserably every day for lack of what is found there.”

Lois Marie (Slates) Harrod

Dr. Dell wore his grey suit, blue shirt and deep red tie most teaching days in Recitation Hall. His right hand frequently reached over to his shirt pocket on the left chest, patted it as a reminder that his cigarettes were still there, and continued his lecture. I used to draw him, his face—the jaw, the nose, those eyes and brow. Was I in love with that wily Scotsman? I don't know, probably. He was a very important man in my life. When we talked casually, and he asked me who I was dating, what direction I was heading, I edited myself and my response was vague if I thought he wouldn't think the guy appropriate. I did care deeply what he thought about me. Dr Dell has happily remained with me my whole life, and I am so very grateful and appreciative I had him for a professor.

Laurel Johnson

I always remember George leaning against the blackboard with his ever-present stump of a Camel tight between thumb and forefinger as he inhaled it straight, no carburetion, into the lungs and out in one deep breath—the smoke pure oxygen to his burning disgust with some literary no-good. He especially despised Soames Forsythe, “a grasping tyrant,” clenching his fist tightly and twisting it while gritting his teeth and squinting fiercely at it—he looked the very picture of bitterness, power and greed!

In moments more reflective he’d relax against the board with a thumb under his belt, stroke his pate from brows to neck and then, as if surprised to find it smooth as an apple, would gesture with large open strokes, not quite sure what to do without hair or cigarette.

Most of all George experienced the student body as a continuum, and without artificial bonhomme or arrogance addressed students’ personal and academic problems with understanding as a friend and with wisdom as a teacher.

Robert Marggraf

When our class chose George Dell to be its commencement speaker, I felt like the luckiest college graduate ever. To have someone pipe us out into the world who knew and still loved us, who was wise and able to impart wisdom, who would speak words we hoped to hear—what could be better? I still feel that way. The Ivy League schools, large or small universities, indeed other Capital graduates, never had what we had—a brilliant friend and mentor to stand before us on that important day.

Saying “I will never forget George Dell” sounds like a million clichés. But it is accurate. And George Dell was no cliché. He led the way to more mature thinking and to more reasoned speaking. He

encouraged us to experiment with reading and with writing. “I don’t know *prezactly* what you mean, but I like it”, he once wrote beside a poem tentatively submitted. He respected us as the fragile, cocky, confused and hopeful students we were.

George Dell showed us walking, talking courage. We learned the meaning of personal and professional integrity by watching him. We were aware that his students appreciated him more than some of his administrators or peers. Still, he fully committed to us. He never gossiped or tried to woo us. He didn’t have to. His honorableness inspired and secured us.

I will forever thank Capital University for George Dell. I had an education equal to any and a graduation superior to all because of him.

Starr Wolle Mayer

I can remember there was something that I think occurred in the Spring that was called . . . The Creative Arts Festival or something like that. Faculty and students submitted plays, paintings, poetry, and maybe essays. In our Sophomore year, Doug [Doug Moore '64] acted in one of George Dell's plays--and to thank Doug, he told Doug to select one the paintings that he had submitted. Dr. Dell called it "Night Train," and it may have won first or second place in the Festival. Anyway, to thank Doug for acting in his play, he told him to select one of his paintings. Doug was hesitant to select one of the winners, and Dr. Dell encouraged him to take what he liked. Unfortunately, the painting is not signed. It has hung in every one of our homes since 1964--and for a long time was the only artistic piece we owned, but it is highly cherished.

Elaine Shoup Moore

My Friend George Dell

Speech honoring Professor George Dell, given Friday, April 25, 2014, Capital University, Blackmore Library, by Professor William Kuhre as part of the Class of 1964 50th Reunion Celebration and as the kick-off for the George Dell Scholarship provided by the Class of 1964.

“Thank you for inviting me to speak a few words about George, my dearest, closest friend on the faculty here a half century ago—

We ate together at Wentzs—BLTs for him always.

We laughed together, were sometimes close to crying.

Smoked Camels together—quite unrepentantly.

Were high and low together—high not on dope or booze, but on ideas, affinities, literary values, friendship.

Moaned and carped together about academic and ecclesiastic horseshit—especially associate with one prime adversary, F. Bretz (whom George once called a popinjay, or maybe I did)

Shared the same lack of enthusiasm, maybe distrust, of certain kinds of clergy and academics—though he accepted my vocation like a graceful brother or father without being patronizing or patriarchal. He embraced this thirty-some-year-old-kid, who after God knows how much “high education,” didn’t know beans from broccoli.

He was a true pedagogue in his brains and generous spirit. You have all had teachers. You know the difference between lettered teachers (PhD types who are a dime-a-dozen) and the real DOCTORS whose presence is valued in gold not dimes. George was a DOCTOR long before his Doctor of Literature was granted by Wartburg. True teacher leader.

And he was before me a gentleman in the fashion of Chaucer’s nonpareil pilgrims—the gentils—the knight, the parson of the town, the ploughman, the clerk of Oxenford who “gladly would he learn and gladly teche.”

His relationship with me was vast, steady, generous as I believe he was with his students. He warned me about some “bad apples” as he called them, but never did he name any—most kind of him.

I knew he had manuscripts stashed away. When I asked why he had not had any novels published, his response was “Book makers don’t want old-fashioned novels devoid of lurid sex and scandal.” Thank God to Vicky (and Bob) that some were published, as well as his poems.

My kids were very young. The older three remember Grace and George coming to our house in Reynoldsburg. And they recall going “up there” to welcoming hospitality—their rocks and cacti. Bry speaks of Dells’ Woods.

After I left Capital for Ohio University, I drove up to see him (I forget how many times). He spoke as always with definition! He broke his Camels in half, but he still smoked. And I remember his encroaching weakness, and, toward the end, his knowledge that he was going. He gave me some watercolors and sent letters—in his last letter he

spoke of the snow—he called it lazy snow. And he said, “I’m waiting for spring—all kinds of spring.” And these eyes teared!

George, you precious and beloved friend, I give you these words of Dylan Thomas: “And Death Shall Have No Dominion.”

And death shall have no dominion.
Dead man naked they shall be one
With the man in the wind and the west moon;
When their bones are picked clean and the clean bones gone,
They shall have stars at elbow and foot;
Though they go mad they shall be sane,
Though they sink through the sea they shall rise again;
Though lovers be lost love shall not;
And death shall have no dominion.

And death shall have no dominion.
Under the windings of the sea
They lying long shall not die windily;
Twisting on racks when sinews give way,
Strapped to a wheel, yet they shall not break;
Faith in their hands shall snap in two,
And the unicorn evils run them through;
Split all ends up they shan't crack;
And death shall have no dominion.

And death shall have no dominion.
No more may gulls cry at their ears
Or waves break loud on the seashores;
Where blew a flower may a flower no more
Lift its head to the blows of the rain;
Though they be mad and dead as nails,
Heads of the characters hammer through daisies;
Break in the sun till the sun breaks down,
And death shall have no dominion.

Amen, George, Amen”